That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword diſpaire and die,
To *Rich.* Thou quiet ſoule, ſleepe thou a quiet ſleepe,
Dreame of ſucceſſe and happie victorie,
Thy aduerſaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoaſt of Buckingham.

The firſt was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The laſt was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſſe,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire, diſpairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not diſmaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarteth vp out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horſe, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Ieſu: ſoft, I did but dreame.
O Coward conſcience, how doeſt thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh,
What do I feare my ſelfe? theres none elſe by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my ſelfe? great reaſon why?
Leaſt I reuenge. What my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe?
Alacke I loue my ſelfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my ſelfe haue done vnto my ſelfe?
O no, alas I rather hate my ſelfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my ſelfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.
Foole of thy ſelfe ſpeake well, foole do not flatter,
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a ſeuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villaine:

Periurie

Periurie, periurie, in the higheſt degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyreſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vſde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no ſoule will pittie me:
And wherefore ſhould they, ſince that I my ſelfe,
Finde in my ſelfe, no pittie to my ſelfe.
Me thought the ſoules of all that I murtherd,
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Ki. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the early village cocke,
Hath twiſe done ſalutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearfull dreame,
What thinkſt thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadowes.
King. By the Apoſtle Paul, ſhadowes to night,
Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers,
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come, go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewſe dropper,
To ſee if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lor. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.
Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.